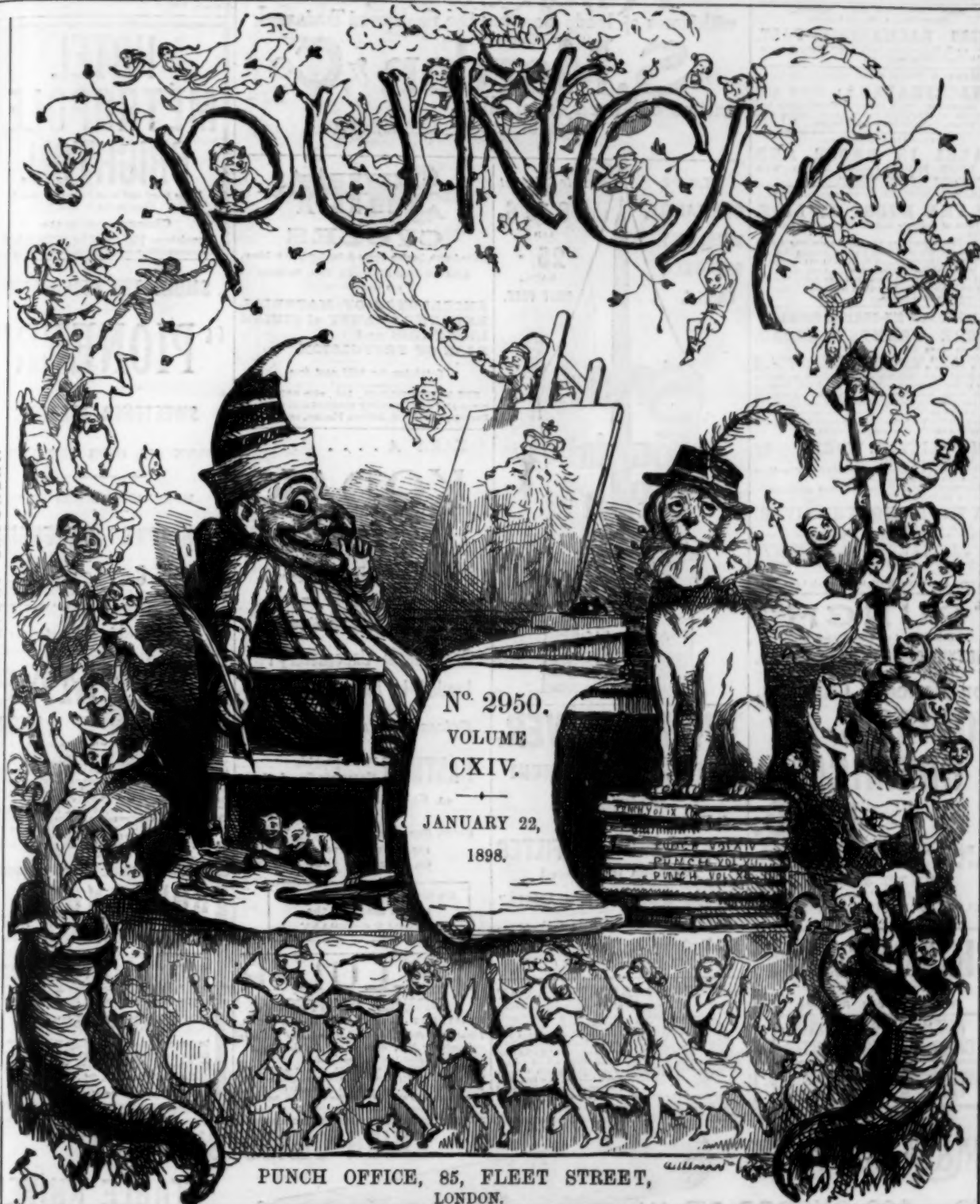


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RESEARCHES IN ANCIENT SPORTS.

THE LUCULLUS GOLF CLUB.

MONTE CARLO.

Oh, don't I wish that I possessed a tiny principality,

So beautifully placed upon a quite ideal spot,
Between two hostile countries to be sure of its neutrality,
Then leased by a Casino! What an enviable lot!

My income would increase like that of ALBERT, Prince of Monaco,

Who thrives so well on persons who are out upon the loose,

But ALBERT for more golden eggs, don't be too hard upon a Co.

That keeps you. Where would you be if you killed the gambling goose?

OUR GIRLS. WHAT TO GIVE THEM?

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—When my sisters went off to the cricket-field on a fine summer morning, and left me at home to darn the socks and overhaul the washing, I used to feel the bitterness of things and to blame Fate that had made me a man. But experience has taught me that few changes are so fraught with evil as not to bring some compensating good, and even in this latterday reversal of the sexes, I find a drop of consolation which goes far to reconcile me to my altered lot.

The problem, "What to give our girls?" is one that vexes all men, and as I have at last solved it, a list of my presents will, I am convinced, be of interest and value to your readers. To KATE, who is a cricket enthusiast, I have given a cane-applied bat and a pair of pads. The latter she has buckled on, and with the former in her hands, she studies her positions in the looking-glass all day, and slogs imaginary "fours." MARY, who is no mean pugilist, would now treat *suède* and kid with equal scorn: I have, therefore, presented her with a pair of boxing-gloves, and she may now be seen in her bedroom sparring at a bladder from ten to four. NELLIE, who is something of a scorching, used to complain that her road-racing records were always being spoilt by stupid deaf old gentlemen, who *would* keep getting knocked down. I have bought her the loudest and best bicycle bell in the market, and she has now ridden for a fortnight without a casualty. JANE is captain of her College Fifteen, and I am working her the Girton arms upon a football jersey. As my little gift was not ready in time, I bought her an interim present of a hundred cigarettes. When Papa is not about she lets me whiff one with her, and she says it is a pity I am not a girl, for I have plenty of pace, and with my shoulders I ought to be very useful in the scrum.

ONE OF THE WEAKER SEX.

AN ERA OF PALMISTRY.—The *Era Almanack* for 1898 contains fac-similes of the hands of actors and actresses. All hands to the *Era*! These "hands" are not by any means out of work, but they are decidedly striking. Mrs. KEELEY takes the palm. Though the hands are scored with lines, yet no one hand exactly indicates the line its owner has taken professionally. Nothing

delights an actor more than "getting a hand," and here each provides the requisite applause for himself. Should the Editor wish to continue the series he will simply have to advertise, "All hands to the *Era*!"

OLD MASTERS AT THE GRAFTON GALLERY.

MR. SELLAR, nobly emulous of the example of Mr. HENRY TATE has been desirous of dedicating his private collection of pictures to the enjoyment of the public. The idea is excellent. Two *Têtes* are, as the French say, better than one. Indeed, we could do with any number such as HENRY. But there are pictures and pictures, and the SELLAR Collection, not to put too fine a point upon it, is not quite equal to the TATE. A committee of experts called upon to adjudge the merits of the collection, advised the London Corporation, to whose care the collection was committed, to decline the charge. Mr. SELLAR, appealing to Cæsar, now displays his pictures at the Grafton Gallery and invites the public to decide between his taste and that of the committee over which the P.R.A. presided.

The other night, TOBY, M.P., supping with GEORGE GROSSMITH at the festival given at the Grafton in celebration of GEE GEE's golden wedding (*Eheu!* how time flies), had an opportunity of seeing the pictures. He is glad to think he seized it before supper. Otherwise, gazing upon these things in gilt frames, he would have suspected an access of nightmare. Old Masters they are called—old beyond recognition. Where a single man, of whatsoever active habits could have picked them up, is matter for fresh marvel. The probability is, Mr. SELLAR was assisted in his generous labour by a procession of the gentlemen to be met with in country districts who go about with an oil-painting tucked under either arm, and will "let you have the pair for fifteen bob" if you don't happen to have three guineas.

The Gallery was crowded, and there was some idea among GEE GEE's guests of buying "*Three Cuyps and a Cow*"—a rare specimen of the Master's earliest manner—and presenting it to the venerable host as a memento of the interesting occasion. But it came to nothing.

Business done.—All SELLAR's; no buyers.

At Our Canal-side Sunday-School.

Our Curate. Now, my boy, you know St. PETER was first of all a fisherman with a fishing-boat. What did he become after that?

First Boy (after considerable pause, hesitatingly). Yes, Sir, he first 'ad a fishin' boat—an' was a fisherman—an'—

Our Curate (encouragingly). Yes—and then? What was PETER called after that?

Second and Smaller Boy (holding up his hand). Please, Sir, I know!

Our Curate (nodding to him). Say it, then.

Second and Smaller Boy. Please, Sir, he became a Barge-owner.

[Curate explains "*Bar-jona*," and lesson proceeds.]

CONSEIL DE GUERRE



Every Sunday. Yours.

THE REAL "VEILED LADY."

Justice. "WHY ARE MY DOORS CLOSED?"

A HAPPY RETURN.

Not only like "*le petit bonhomme*" does the sprightly *Circus Girl* "*vit encore*" at the Gaiety, but she is growing younger as she gets on (a circus girl is always getting on and off—her horse), and sprightlier than ever. With the most welcome return of Miss ELLALINE TERRISS to the Gaiety Theatre, *The Circus Girl* seems to have obtained a new lease of life, without there having been any ordinary signs of the former lease having nearly run out. Its last nights are not yet within anything like measurable distance. The piece is so constructed, on a sort of elastic hold-all principle, as to enable it to accommodate everything and anything in the way of music, song, dance, or dialogue, that the astute Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES may see fit to cram into it. And that this plan is appreciated by the public is evident, to quote the Bard,

"As may appear by EDWARD's good success,"

which line, when found in the Third Part of *Henry the Sixth*, Act III., Sc. 3, the reader may, an' it so please him, "make a note of." *En attendant* Vive GEORGE I., *Roi du Théâtre "Gaiety,"* and health, happiness, with all success to Miss ELLALINE TERRISS.

Le Genre Ennuyeux.

THAT *bordereau* and that *chose jugée*,
The papers are full of them every day;
That *chose jugée* and that *bordereau*,
One settled too fast, and the other too slow,
Chers voisins, again the *chose jugée*
You ought to try in another way,
But don't you think that the *bordereau*
Might be forgotten, it bores us so?

DEFINITION OF THE LOGROLLARITHM (by our *Literary Mathematician*).—"The exponent of the power of a number to deal with a certain other number, the whole power of the two combined being equal to the first as applied to the second. Q.E.D."

PROVERB TO BE REMEMBERED BY ANY ONE VISITING THE SELLAR COLLECTION IN A BOND STREET SHOW-ROOM.—"*Ars est Sellare Artem.*"

WINTER CURE FOR INVALIDS.—Being turned out to Grasse.



Brown (who has been dining at the Club with Jones). "JUST COME IN A MINUTE, OLD FELLOW AND HAVE A NIGHT-CAP."

Jones. "I'M AFRAID IT'S GETTING A LITTLE LATE. LET'S SEE HOW'S THE ENEMY."

Brown. "OH! THAT'S ALL RIGHT. SHE'S IN BED."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

LADY WARWICK has done a womanly and a graceful thing (but that's tautology, my Baronite says) in volunteering to edit the life of *Joseph Arch* (HUTCHINSON). She has done more. She has written a preface in which the wife of a great Warwickshire landlord extols the work of the Warwickshire agricultural labourer who started and led to bloodless victory one of the greatest revolutions of the century. When JOSEPH ARCH, dressing himself in a pair of cord trousers, a cord vest, and an old flannel jacket, went out on the 7th of Feb., 1872, to address the gaunt and hungry crowd gathered under a spreading chestnut tree at Wellesbourne, the agricultural labourer was in a parlous state. In Warwickshire his wage was twelve shillings a week, and indignant farmers told him he ought to be ashamed of himself asking for more, since down in Devonshire it did not exceed nine shillings. "He had no organisation," Lady WARWICK writes; "the Trades Unions let him alone. He had no money; the professional agitator ignored him. He had no vote; the politician passed him by." How all this was changed JOSEPH ARCH tells in simple, graphic fashion. The stout volume has the double attraction of describing a great political episode, and revealing a notable man.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

"THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY."—Sir,—This is dreadfully foggy weather, and I am at the best of times rather short-sighted, so I may have missed something on the advertisements of the Haymarket Theatre which I ought to have seen. However, what I have frequently seen within the last week is an announcement in, of course, Roman capital letters, to the effect that *Julius Cæsar* is to be given at the Theatre Royal Haymarket. The advertisement, in very large letters so that he who travels express may read, is, "*Julius Cæsar—Alma-Tadema, R.A.*," and there are some other words probably of little importance. Why, Sir, this will draw the town, for who can draw if ALMA-TADEMA, R.A., can't, aye, and paint, too? Of course he'll have to paint in making-up. What an artistic work his false Roman nose will be!! I must hurry off to obtain seats. All the world and his wife will be there. Yours, BOKEDUS CÆCUS.

A CORNER IN DOGS.—Some shrewd Yankees, foreseeing a great rush to Klondike in the Spring, have bought up all the sledge-dogs near the coast. At times, in the so-called silent watches of the night, we wish those Yankees would come to London and buy up all the cats. Tinned, they might be sold in Klondike as English rabbits. A corner in cats, which would remove the cats from every corner, is a kind of corner we should recommend.



TABLEAUX VIVANTS AT A CHRISTMAS HOUSE PARTY.

The Duchess (just arrived, rather late). "LORD AUGUSTUS!!"
Lord Augustus (emerging suddenly from "Green Room"). "IT'S ALL RIGHT, DUCHESS. DON'T BE 'HUFFY.' I'M IN THE TABLEAU, WITHOUT HEETING, SO TO VOYAGE. "BEG, GRACIOUS WOMAN," SAY I, "PERMIT YOU TO ME THE WINDOW TOTOMAKE." AND I MAKE IT TO. "NO, THANK YOU," SAY SHE, "I PREFER IT OPEN." "WHAT," CALL I, "YOU WISH THE WINDOW OPENED IN THE JANUARY, IN THIS MISERABEL, KOLD, ENGLISH WAGGON? IT IS UNPOSSIBLY!" "WE MUST HAVE SOME AIR," SAY SHE, BUT SHE SHUT IT A LITTLE. HIMMEL! THE OLD ENGLISH LADYS ARE STRONG. THE FRESH AIR IN THE SUMMER SOMETIMES IS SOUND, GESUND; SHE IS VERY DANGEROUSLY, GEFÄHRICH, IN THE WINTER. IN THE GERMAN RAILWAYWAGGON KOM SHE NEVER.
"ART WINS THE HEART, DON'T CHERKNOW. CELEBRATED PICTURE. CHAP PAINTING A VASE. HOW D'YE DO? HOW 'DO, LADY MAB? HOW 'DO, LADY GERTY? LIKE MY GET UP? JUST GOING ON. LOOK SHARP TO YOUR SEATS, OR YOU'LL MISS ME! TA, TA!"

LUDWIG IN LONDON.

ARRIVAL IN THE EMPIREHEADTOWN.

HONOURED MISTER OVER-NEWSPAPERS-DIREKTOR.—Endly kom i after one fierful, in the because of the even so black as Neit Fog delayed Train, and because of the fast unsufferly, fast unerträglichen, Hunger and Thirst who me during unbelievely longweily Hours as one unluckly in one middleagely Castle inshutted Prisoner tortured, Voyage in London, the Headtown Englands, at.

I voyage from Dover in the towards Londonbritsch at the Midday going Train away. I have to the Overwaiter, to the Portier, to the Hausknecht, Houseknight—ach nein, man say in Englisch "the Shoes"—and to yet other Persons, in the Hand one Drinkgold pressed. Even so mutsch Drinkgold as in Wien! I had only german Gold, so have i the Reckoning therewith payed, but i have something in the Change lost. Luckilywise had i some german Fiftypfennigebits for the Drinkgolds. The Diener-schaft seemed not very content, i know not why. But in the Railstation give i one Fiftypfennigebit to the Packagecarrier, and he say, "No, Maunsiah, not gud." Warum sagen sie alle, "Maunsiah"? See i as one Frencher out? Unpossibly! It are Frenchers who siemly fat are, but they are so short. I am not thin, but i am high as the most Prussiers. I inhabited one-time in München, so drink i Bier yet willinger as the Berliner, and man say that the Münchener so fat are, because they so mutsch Bier drink.

Also say i to the Packagecarrier, "It is queit gud, it is german Silver." "No blumin—was ist das?—german Silver sixpenses for me," call he, "its passin bad munny, yud git in quod—was ist das?—for it, if i split on yer—Himmel, was sagt er?—so make it too bob—was ist das?—and i say Nothing." "I understand not," anser i, "what wish You? Have You a Tarif." "Yes," say he, "Tarif, too bob, too Schillings." Zwei Mark! Ach, wie teuer! England is yet deerer as Wien. I have in the Hotel Cash some little Money received, and i give him too Schilling. Then step i in the Waggon up, and he say, as the Train away go, "Thanky, Maunsiah." Noch wider!

What for one little Coupé! The Trains in England are not as in Prussia. There have we Waggonas thro covered Gangways together joined, Foodwaggonas, the whole Train heeted, and so

farther. Now am i in one little Coupé, without Heet, without Food, inshutted, and hier must i sit remain, because it no Korridor along the Train is. I have only one Voyagefellow, one old Lady. She sit next to the Window, who wide opened is. The Weather is not Kold, but it is unpossibly in the January, without Heeting, so to voyage. "Beg, gracious Woman," say i, "permit You to me the Window totomake." And i make it to. "No, thank You," say she, "i prefer it open." "What," call i, "You wish the Window opened in the January, in this miserabel, kold, english Waggon? It is unpossibly!" "We must have some Air," say she, but she shut it a little. Himmel! The old english Ladys are strong. The fresh Air in the Summer sometimes is sound, gesund; she is very dangerously, gefährlich, in the Winter. In the german Railwaywaggon kom she never.

Luckywise am i with mein Voyagecover, too Overcoats, and one Mantel, called in Germany "Havelock," covered, and likewise kan i smoke because the Coupé not Nicht-Raucher inscribed is. I kindle mein Cigar at. "Oh!" call the old Lady, "Smoking is not allowed." "Beg," i anser, "this Coupé is not Not-Smoker." "This is not a Smokingcarriage," say she. "Forgive," say i, a little angry, "this is not Not Smoking. So kan i smoke. You shud not hierin kom." Meenweil the Train thro several Tunnels, where the Air yet colder is, go, and then halt he. "Garde!" call the old Lady. Was ist das? Ach, der Schaffner! The old Lady spiek, he spiek, i spiek. We are all angry. Endly understand i that in England man only in the Coupé, as in France "Fumeurs" inscribed, smoke. "I go also in one other Waggon," say i. "No Time," say the Garde, the Train go, and there must i the whole Voyage with the old Lady, and the fresh Air, and without Cigars, remain. Donnerwetter!

At the next Railstation dare i not outtostep, because the stopping so short is. One half Hour later become the Heaven quiet dark. It is too Clock. Wie sonderbar! The Train halt. No Railstation. I am hungry. If i only in Prussia were, now would i one Sausage in the Foodwaggon eat, and one Pair Glas Bier drink. Luckilywise kom the Train about half three in London at. So shall i at three Clock dine.

Ach nein! Not at three, not at four, not at five! I die of Hunger. But i relate the fierful Adventure in mein next Brief.

Highthattentionfull humblest

LUDWIG.

WHY GO TO KLON—?

["CROSSING SWEEPER.—Pitch, with goodwill, in the fashionable West End, held by present owner fourteen years; good opening for a respectable man.—Address, &c."]

We learn that the above advertisement, which appeared last week in the columns of a leading morning paper, has been promptly acted upon by a well-known company-promoter. The undertaking has been placed on a sound commercial basis, and a prospectus, from which we extract the following particulars, issued:—

The List will Open To-morrow, Thursday, Jan. 20, 1898, and will Close on or before Friday, Jan. 20, 1899, for Town and Country.

THE UPPER BROOK STREET CROSSING-SWEEPING AND CAB-RUNNING COMPANY, LIMITED.

(Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1893.)

SHARE CAPITAL . . . £100.

Divided into 1,000 £500 per cent. Cumulative Preference Shares of 1s. each, and 1,000 Ordinary Shares of 1s. each.

These are now offered for Subscription at Par, and payable as follows:—

On Application, 1½d. per share; on Allotment, 1½d. per share; on April 1, 1899, 3d. per share; and the balance when called upon.

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Policeman A1666, Brook Street Fixed-point.

BILL MUGGINS, Esq., Unlicensed Cab-Runner, London, W.

The Duke of SEVEN DIALS (no fixed abode).

JOHN JONES, Esq., Orator, Hyde Park, W.

SAMUEL GERRIDGE, Esq., Turncock and Gasman, No. 1, Mayfair Alley, W.

BANKERS.

The Consolidated Penny Bank, Threadneedle Street, E.C.

Secretary, Auditor, and Consulting Engineer—
The Vendor, Rowton House.

PROSPECTUS.

1. This Company is formed to acquire the well-known and old-established business of Mr. COLLINGS, Crossing-sweeper, of Upper Brook Street, W., and that of Mr. BILL MUGGINS, Professional Cab-follower, of London-within-the-Radius.

2. It is proposed to effect an amalgamation of the above-mentioned highly remunerative and prosperous concerns, under a scheme of financial unification, the respective working staffs and plant remaining distinct, as heretofore.

3. The question of "perks" over and above legitimate earnings, to be settled by private treaty between the Vendor and his Patrons.

4. The remarkably prosperous undertaking of the Vendor was first initiated fourteen years ago, when the goodwill of a sound, attractive, and well-organised street-crossing in Mayfair was taken over for a consideration by the present Vendor, first as a *locum tenens*, and subsequently in permanency, all out-standing claims and liabilities having been settled with the aid of a broom-stick. From the commencement the annual turnover has been on a largely increasing scale, owing to the adoption of business-like methods, and to the masterly inactivity of the Local Vestry, combined with a judicious nictitation of the eye of the adjacent policeman for the time being. The weather has been almost consistently muddy and favourable for a steady high average of takings, and there is every prospect that this desirable state of affairs will continue. Among the Vendor's Patrons are numbered some of the most exquisitely-shod wearers of patent-leather among the British aristocracy, and not a few short-sighted and timorous old ladies of a thoroughly reliable and benevolent character.

5. The contemplated Cab-Running branch of the joint undertaking is a later development, but is already productive of a splendid dividend, the initial outlay being extremely small. Mr. MUGGINS has attended to his customers on a scientific and impartial system, and it is felt that the time has arrived to invite the Public at large to co-operate cordially in the exploitation of his eloquent and unrivalled methods in the pursuit of travelling-trunks and the cajolement of their owners.

6. It will be readily recognised that the proposed venture is totally distinct from speculative schemes of the "wild-cat" order, and it is therefore scarcely necessary or advisable to present an estimate of the expenses (which are merely nominal, consisting in the purchase of one broom), and of the profits, which are likely to rival, if not to surpass, those of many of the Yukon bonanzas.



BEFORE THE PARTY.

Blase Little Girl on Sofa (to excited Younger Sister). "Ah, DOROTHY, YOU'RE IN AN AWFUL HURRY TO BE OFF NOW. JUST YOU WAIT TILL YOU'VE BEEN THROUGH AS MANY SEASONS AS BOBBY AND I!"

"PERSICOS ODI, PUER, APPARATUS."

I HATE your foreign manners—hat in hand
To surly cabman and officious bobby.
Your comic songs I fail to understand,
I am a tourist ridden by his hobby.

I hate the way you stare at me, as if
I were a madman, or trick-bear in training,
Because my suit is check—because I whiff
A British pipe, your cigarettes disdain.

I hate your 'crés tonnerres—your double Dutch
Quips and retorts I find abomination.
An honest English — that they cannot touch
(And what is left to your imagination).

Your dishes make me ill—I cannot live
Without a hearty meal at my uprising.
All rolls and coffee would I gladly give
For a small Bass, and steak that's appetising.

They told me that in Paris I should find
My mother tongue on all hands—an illusion.
It was not so, nor can I call to mind
One soul, to whom I spoke without confusion.

If e'er again I'm caught in such a pass
Then find me drinking mazagan—or kola,
Then write me down, if so disposed, an ass,
And—more—a follower devout of ZOLA.

CANNIBALISM IN THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND!—It was recently reported that a certain clergyman had just been "collated" by his Bishop, who, immediately afterwards, invited several of the aforesaid reverend gentleman's friends to a cold collation! This is most startling. Will there not be an Ecclesiastical Commission to inquire into the facts?



Grandpapa. "WELL, LITTLE LADY, WILL YOU GIVE ME A LOCK OF THAT PRETTY HAIR OF YOURS?"

Marjory. "YES, GRANPA"; BUT"—(hesitating)—"I DON'T FINK ONE LOCK WOULD BE ENOUGH, WOULD IT!"

"THE SECRET OF SEX;"

ALLEGED VIEWS OF MADAM S-R-H GR-ND.

["Professor SCHENK, of Vienna, has explained to a correspondent that he can guarantee the birth of boys, but not of girls. He works in the cause of science, and is not anxious to make a fortune. He has accepted no reward in the successful cases he has treated."—*Daily Paper.*]

COME to my heart, HERE SCHENK! the strangely human

Charm of the chaste and specious yarns you spin

Pr'ves you (the leech) and me (the writing woman)

One kin!

How often will a timorous confusion
Redden the very nape of people's necks,
When anybody makes the least allusion
To Sex!

Should conversation turn upon the gender
Of even substantives—they change their hue!

But I am not so delicately tender;
Are you?

Nay, but where common angels hardly dare a

Footstep on dangerously shaky ground,
There in their element both SCHENK and S-N-H

Are found.

They say you know by name each blood-corpuscle

Respectively in men's and women's veins!

I also haunt the scientist; I hustle
His brains.

The many-daughtered fathers of Vienna
Find you dispensing golden gifts like dirt;
You make their blighted hope of infant men a

Dead cert.

A rule or two, a regimen of diet,
Gratis you give for joy of truth itself;
You will not sell nor do they want to buy it
For pelf.

Ah, SCHENK! (I shudder at the contemplation!)

Had you some years ago matured your plan,
I might have been, to my humiliation,
A man!

A man, a mere male animal half-witted,
My body bloated and my mind a blank,
A specimen of nature only fitted
To spank!

I bless my horoscope whose leading feature
Shaped me a woman, feminine but firm;
And not a reptile, not a crawling creature,
A worm!

But this in you, O SCHENK! I find abhorrent;

It seems like putting swine in front of pearls;

You only promise boys; you give no warrant
For girls!

Then let my sisters, wise through your instruction,

Reverse your method in its full details,
And so avoid the dolorous production
Of males!

The eternal feminine's eternal fitness

May thus attain to wipe all men away;
Though S-N-H hardly hopes, for one, to witness

That day.

'Tis well! For men, I grant, were born to grovel;

Yet, were they once abolished in the lump,

There might develop in the sexual novel
A slump!

USEFUL AND ORNAMENTAL.—Girton, according to MISS EMILY DAVIES, needs fifty more sets of rooms. Girton's a-girton on! Miss DAVIES observes, "We have only just touched the fringe of the demand" for seats for women in the Cambridge lecture-rooms. Odd to commence with "the fringe." We suppose the Girton girls are employing themselves in artistically-worked coverings for the Professors' chairs in the University. The mental work at Girton is excellent, but the ornamental will be first-rate.

PUSHFUL.—MR. CHAMBERLAIN, at Birmingham last week, distinctly intimated that another university was wanted. Where? Well, he would put it "on *a priori* grounds." Why not put it on "a *Priory* grounds," if there be such a plot vacant?

DIPLOMATIC NOTE (from our *Special Mandarin*).—There is a general consensus of the Powers to isolate England, but China, though not by any means agreeing with the Powers, wishes England to stand a loan.



ON THE "QUAY VIVE"!

JOHN BULL. "WHAT, MATIES! WANT SOME O' MY COAL TO GET TO CHINA! RIGHT YOU ARE!"
(To himself.) "I CAN ALWAYS STOP THE SUPPLIES!"





"FOND OF MUSIC! WHY, WHEN I'M IN TOWN, I GO TO A MUSIC-HALL EVERY NIGHT!"

TWO WAYS OF DOING IT.

THAT SIDE OF THE CHANNEL.

THE accused had left the Court acquitted. He had certainly said some harsh things about the people who now applauded him. He had also passed through the ordeal of an inquiry into his personal history with some anxiety. But he was acquitted. Yes, acquitted. So the people cheered him to the echo. He was tired of bowing his acknowledgments. He was weary of hand-shakes. He was of course gratified, but it was embarrassing. It was not that he had won some magnificent victory over the would-be invaders of his country. It was not that he had made a discovery that had startled the wondering world by its novelty. It was not that he had written a book of such magnificent proportions that *MOLIERE* had to withdraw and *SHAKESPEARE* take a back seat. No, the ovation was awarded for none of these feats. It had been merited by an act of far greater importance.

So the cheers were repeated again and again. The columns of laudation were printed and reprinted and reprinted. Everywhere joy and triumph were displayed. It was a grand day for the greatest country on the earth.

At last a foreigner asked the reason of the excitement.

"Do you not know?" replied the entire people, with one voice. "Why, we are making all this fuss because one of our citizens has been proved *not* to have been guilty of high treason! Hurrah! Likewise hip, hip hip! also bravissimo!"

And then the rejoicings were renewed with vigour. And that is the way they have in France!

THIS SIDE OF THE CHANNEL.

The accused had left the Court acquitted.

There were a few articles in the papers pointing out that the matter was fairly satisfactory. And he himself was pleased to learn that he might claim to have left the Tribunal without a stain on his character. And a very intimate friend dropped him a line offering him luke-warm congratulations and a suggestion that he should be more careful in the future.

A foreigner asked what it was about. "Scarcely know," replied a casual acquaintance; "but that some one has been proved to be innocent."

And then the accused retired into private life. And that is the way they have in England!

LABUNTUR ANNI?

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I have just read in the *North British Daily Mail* that Professor OSCAR BROWNING of Cambridge is only in the fortieth year of his age. As I had the proud privilege of being "up" to him when at Eton in the year 1866, I conclude that Professor O. B. has either discovered a method of *growing backwards*, or that, at the early age of six and a half, he was qualified to impart that knowledge with which he has always been so fecund. Anyway, the problem is an interesting one. Perhaps the undoubted discovery of the Fountain of Perpetual Youth may be the result of Professor O. B.'s research into history! If so, Klondyke is not in it. Anxiously awaiting further information,

I am, your obedient servant,

DECIMUS DIGWELL.

(Olim Etonensis.)

Dripwell Monachorum, near Devizes.

TO A SANDWICH-MAN.

(Suggested by the recent appearance of Advertisement Girls in the Streets of London.)

ENOUGH, enough!

You are old and tough,

Your mien is repellent, your manners are gruff,

You have had your day, you are merely male,

You have certainly never adorned a tale, And even the moral you point is as stale

As the station sandwich known by fame

To the first mad wag who started the game,

And moulded a metaphor into your name.

Avaunt, avaunt!

Let perish the taunt,

And hide your head in some secret haunt.

Our bread is new, and potted our meat,

The railway sandwich we will not eat, So why should we suffer its like in a street?

Of women new

There now are a few

Who willingly strut in the world's full view,

And the world is the gainer—by loss of you!

From the Courts.

Cross-examining Counsel. Now, Sir, how far away were you from the prisoner?



Irish Witness. Exactly a cubic yard, Sor. Magistrate (severely, to witness). Do you know the meaning of "cubic yard," Sir?

Witness (with an outburst of frankness). Begorra! I do not.

MR. PUNCH'S "ANIMAL LAND."

The Ladd



This queer little Creature does not like roads nor peers. It likes to get into shady places and brag things out into the light. If you pretend the Hess is coming, it will run into Westminster Abbey or anywhere.

The Pawkywit



This dear little Animal likes to run on the turf and that makes the good ones start praying for him. It does not like the Hawk and has a saintly little way of hiding itself among books and then it waits and waits and waits —

The Yawk
or
Rompjack

This merry little Animal makes a good deal of noise and never runs. He is quite at home under fire or water. He just does it and that's all.

PENMEN IN PENURY.

[“It is announced that a charitable English lady has undertaken to establish at Antibes a ‘Home for Poor Authors.’”—*The World*, Jan. 12.]

ON reading this statement, Mr. Punch, with his usual promptness, at once despatched his own Prophetic Interviewer to call upon the Superintendent of the Home, and has received the following report:—

The Home is a pleasant building, standing in its own grounds, which are surrounded by a high wooden paling completely covered by advertisements. These set forth the merits of certain works written by the inmates. “Try my *Syrupy Sonnets*!” read one poster; while next to it was the announcement, “My historical novel defies competition. Read *Blood and Thunder*, and you will be happy. Six murders, four suicides and three daring escapes for 4s. 6d. net!” Passing into the building, I found the Superintendent, who courteously gave me every information.

“Yes,” he said, in answer to my questions, “our establishment is quite full, and we have had to refuse a large number of applicants. Impostors? No; we are generally able to detect them. We did find, indeed, that the only work of fiction written by one of those who had gained admittance was a forged bank-note, and that another’s claim to be relieved as a distressed poet rested on the fact of his having written two stanzas in praise of a patent medicine. But almost all the cases are genuine.”

“And do they get on amicably with one another?” I enquired.

“There is some friction at times,” he admitted. “This morning, for instance, I found a mediæval historian fighting desperately with a decadent novelist, and I had to put pepper on their noses before we could get them apart. But let me show you round our premises. Here,” as he threw

The Jook



This Animal is very trustworthy but he is always fast asleep. He would much rather you did it if you don't mind.

open the door of a spacious hall, “is our reciting-room.”

On a platform at one end, a long-haired gentleman was declaiming cantos of blank verse to an imaginary audience. At the sight of us he became violently excited, and tugged his long hair while he stamped on the platform. My companion looked at his watch.

“You’ve had your ten minutes,

SNOOKS,” he remarked. “It’s Miss BROWN’S turn now. Off you go! We allow them ten minutes each every day,” he explained to me, “in which they may recite their own compositions, and they are absolutely forbidden to quote them at other times—a very necessary rule. Here comes Miss BROWN; she composes essays on Modern Man. Want to hear her? All right, then, we’ll go into the garden, where you’ll find most of our inmates.”

We had hardly emerged from the house when a wretched-looking creature, clad in pitiable rags, came running up to me excitedly.

“Do give me a good notice!” he whined. “Here’s my new comedy—do say it’s a happy *jeu d’esprit*, or a bright little gem, or something of that sort!”

“I’m not a critic, my dear Sir,” I said, soothingly, trying to disengage his hand from my coat.

“Oh, but you have influence!” he pleaded. “If you only know the wife of a reviewer’s second cousin, it’s something! Do get me a good notice from the critics—”

An elderly lady came rushing angrily towards me as he spoke. “A critic!” she shrieked. “A reviewer! Where is he? Let me get at him! Ah! you miserable cur, you craven coward of a contemptible clique, you selfish and sordid scavenger—”

The Superintendent drew a gag from his pocket, and in a twinkling had clapped it on the lady’s mouth. “Against the rules, Ma’am,” he said, quietly. “No alliteration here, please. And this gentleman’s never slated any of your books. Run away and throw mud, it will relieve your feelings.”

“Why should she throw mud?” I asked, as the lady departed, having shaken her fist in my face.

“Oh!” he replied, “it’s a favourite amusement. Look, there’s a lot of them doing it on the lawn over there.”



'INTS ON 'UNTING, BY 'ARRY.

IF YOU LOSE YOUR HORSE, JUST TELL THE HUNTSMAN TO CATCH IT FOR YOU.

"Why, they're playing 'Aunt Sally'!" I exclaimed.

"Not exactly; if you will come a bit closer, you will see that the figure is a wax image of a well-known reviewer. Our unsuccessful authors pelt it with mud, and enjoy the amusement hugely. Now and then we let them burn an editor in effigy. And once a week, to give them exercise, they are allowed to hunt a real live publisher across country. They have splendid runs sometimes!"

"And do they ever catch him?" I asked, apprehensively.

"Oh no," said the Superintendent. "Generally they talk so much as they run that they haven't breath enough to get near him. And if ever he's pressed, he's only got to drop a small royalty or two, and they stop at once to scramble for it."

"Eh, but it's warrin' wark th' noo," said a gentleman with sandy whiskers, who had stolen up to us. "And it takes a dounce mon, like maself, to deescribe it. Aiblins ye've heerd of ma *Beets o' Thrumtochtty*?"

I replied, untruthfully, that it was one of my favourite works, and the Scotchman wept tears of gratitude.

"And it's maself wad tak a wee drappie o' whisky to drink yir health," he sobbed, "gin I'd a bawbee i' ma oxter!"

"A sad case," said the Superintendent, as we turned away. "He used to write kailyard stories, but they went suddenly out of fashion, and the poor fellow hadn't

a penny to buy his 'bit parritch,' as he called it, when we took him in."

I thanked him for his information, and prepared to take my departure. As we passed through the house again, I noticed a curious-looking penny-in-the-slot machine

which stood in the hall, and inquired its purpose.

"Put in a penny, and you'll see," said my companion.

I did so, and took from the drawer a piece of green paper, on which was pasted what looked like a newspaper-extract. "By this book," it read, "the literature of our language is appreciably enriched. Never in all our experience have we found such profound wisdom, such sparkling humour, such tender pathos united within the compass of a single volume."

"It encourages thrift," the Superintendent explained. "When an inmate has saved a penny from his weekly pocket-money, he can put it in this machine and get an eulogistic review, which makes him happy for a month. He shows it to all the others, and pastes it into a scrap-book. Oh! no trouble; delighted to have shown you round. Good morning!"



Art Master. "Been to the Millais Show at the R. A. yet?"

Genius. "No. Anything good there?"

The latest Social Development.

["The Earl of Rossmore has joined the C-rt Theatre Company."—*Morning Gossip of Daily Paper.*]

The Marquis of Middlesex (playing as Mr. BRENTFORD, to Stage Manager). I must just run off to the House of Lords to speak on the Cat Tax Question, but I'll certainly be back in good time for the full dress rehearsal. [Exit hurriedly.]



Mr. Jenks (who likes Miss Constance). "No, I assure you, Miss Constance, I have NEVER INDULGED IN FLIRTATION."

Miss Constance (who does not care for Mr. Jenks). "Ah, perhaps you have never had ANY ENCOURAGEMENT!"

A BACHELOR UNCLE'S DIARY.

PART IV.

Saturday.—Hounds met about four miles away. Boys and I started in good time. Overtook my biggest subscriber, Sir JOSEPH BLOWFIELD. Introduced nephews and Boots. Little wretches ducked their heads by way of greeting, and drop behind us and giggle persistently. Sir JOSEPH turns in his saddle unexpectedly, and catches TOMMY grinning at him, to huge joy of other two boys. Sir J. rides off furious. Shall probably lose his subscription now. Lent MAX my hunting-crop, which he wildly tried to crack. Thong catches TOMMY's ear. Lets go a howl like hyæna. Intervene to avoid row between them. Arrive meet. Kennel up hounds in coach-house near. Deer-cart irresistible attraction to TOMMY and Boots. MAX now missing. Am about to order deer to be enlarged, when with terrific "tow-yowing" out rushes whole pack from coach-house.

Gallop off to see who could have let them out, blowing horn frantically. Thought hounds would be in half-dozen parishes before they sobered down again. On enquiry, found that MAX was culprit. So anxious to look at hounds, that he must needs open door and peep in. Of course, they all bolted out, knocking MAX flat on his back, and charging right over him. MAX an awful sight, and covered with mud. Shut hounds up again, and return to deer-cart. Enlarge. Fifteen minutes' law, and then lay on pack. TOMMY scuttles down to only jumpable place in first fence, where pony refuses. Tries again, keeping whole field waiting. Pony sticks fast half-way through fence. All the people kept behind using fearful language. Man rides against pony's hind-quarters, and knocks him clean through fence. All get over and gallop across next field. Stopped by wire. TOMMY squeezes pony through small opening by side of wire fence, and actually "pounds" the field. Great joy on his part, mani-

festod in usual puerile manner, thumb to nose at us. Mysterious sign this, equally effective to express either derision, triumph or scorn. We gallop off to gate on our left, and soon overtake TOMMY. His triumph is short-lived, as next obstacle is quick-set hedge with big ditch on take-off side. TOMMY's pony rolls helplessly in, leaving boy in ditch, and galloping on riderless. Loose pony crosses Sir JOSEPH at next fence, knocking him down with awful thud. "This is your fault!" shrieks irate Baronet, as I pass him. Why mine? Deer turns and runs back almost to where he started from. Finally takes soil in mill-pond. Whip off hounds and try to secure deer. Despite my warning, MAX, who has been standing at first fence, fruitlessly trying to get his pony over all this time, endeavours to assist in capture. Deer suddenly lowers his head, and forwards MAX into adjacent cucumber frame. Rush to the rescue, MAX shouting that he is killed. Extract him, and then turn to deer, leaving nephew picking bits of glass out of his hair. Secure deer, and return homewards with MAX and TOMMY: latter on foot, pony missing. Will probably kill itself, and I shall have to pay. No sign of Boots. He turns up at 5 P.M., teeth chattering, and very woebegone. Has been in brook. Two loafers accompany him, and demand half-sov. each for dragging pony out of brook. Pay them. They pocket money, and say they would like to drink my health. Con-sign them to perdition, and threaten police. Hunting too wearing a sport with these boys out. Announce, at dinner, that one of their remaining days with me shall be spent at Pantomime (cheers), and another at British Museum. (Deathlike silence.) Next time my nephews ask themselves to stay with me, shall tell them to go to—"Beerits."

A non Lucendo.

[The French Government plead "reasons of State" for not opening the Dreyfus Case.]

ONCE more to a terrible fate

POOR DREYFUS has been relegated,
For what are called "reasons of State,"

Which means—reasons that cannot be stated.

"MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING."—The failure of Mr. CARTON's play, *The Tree of Knowledge* (on the point of being withdrawn from the St. James's bill), to attract was certainly not due either to any fault in the dialogue, or to any shortcomings in the acting, which is excellent. Miss ADDISON, Miss FAY DAVIS, and Mrs. JULIA NEILSON in a most difficult part, all admirable. Good also is the small part played by Miss WINIFRED DOLAN. The "character parts," as played by Messrs. IRVING, SHELTON, VERNON, and ESMOND, are excellent. In Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER's part there is little scope for light and shade, the episodic love-making being apparently thrown in to give the character a domestic-comedy flavour. The "Mrs. Tanqueray" school of drama has had its turn, and the "woman with a past" had better be consigned to the lumber-room of bye-gone stage-properties, until the time comes when once again she may be rehabilitated, and have a brilliant future before her.

It is to be succeeded by a Shakspearian revival, the title of which exactly describes the squeamishness that found a scene in Mr. CARTON's play most objectionable, viz., *Much ADO About Nothing*.

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OH! SUSANNAH!

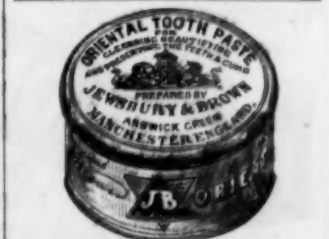
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